

LIFE



S. Allan Gilbert - 1913

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The Wondrous Little Guinea Pig.

THE little speckled guinea pig
Must lead an awful life;
They snatch him from his cosy nest,
His children and his wife;
Starve him on hygienic foods
In an antiseptic case;
Then stuff him full of all the germs
That vitiate our race;—
Virus, toxin, pestilence,
Enough morbidic taints
To slay a dozen healthy men,
And even damn the saints;
Tuberculosis in his lungs,
The fever in his veins,
While specialists in cerebrum
Build bridges with his brains.

But tell me, pray, does Guinea die?
Why, no; he waxes fat
On half a dozen antidotes
And Roentgen rays at that.
But still poor man keeps dropping off,
Death lists are just as big,
While doctors only shake their heads
And try another pig.

But, come, go ask the Guinea
About those cures so quick,
And Guinea winks a small pink eye
And says he wasn't sick!

W. R. Anderson.

Our Fire Horses.

IN the Charter provided for the City of New York by the corned economists who manufacture crude wisdom into finished law at Albany is the following notable provision:

SECTION 789. The New York Fire Department Relief Fund shall consist of

5. All proceeds of sales of condemned horses and other personal property in use by said department.

When one of the horses, whose eagerness and intelligence we commend and admire, is disabled by accident, or has become stiff and footsore from years of ungrudging service, it is condemned by the proper authorities. This is quite right, for our lives and property must not be guarded by cripples and "has beens." We must have the most intelligent and active horses that can be secured for our Fire Department, but we must also economize. While "condemned horses" are no longer fit to plunge along the street at breakneck speed to the rescue of those who are in danger, they can be forced, by a liberal application of the whip, to do the work of ordinary drudges. Their sale will add a trifle to the pension fund of the men who were their keepers and companions during their days of fullest usefulness. So the "condemned horses" are sold for what they will fetch at public auction.

What a beautiful example of rural

thrift for the wealthy metropolis of the New World!

She Liked Bad Children.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON was fond of children, though not of bad ones.

Once in Boston she was calling on a young woman whose little son, a particularly vicious urchin, played about her while she conversed.

The child would pull his mother's hair, kick her and thump her; nor did he hesitate to try, now and then, these tricks upon Mrs. Stanton. She said calmly:

"You are a bad boy, aren't you?"

"He is a bad boy," his mother, in a sad, hurt tone, confessed.

"I prefer bad children, though," said Mrs. Stanton.

"Do you?" cried the young mother.

"Why?"
"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "they are usually sent out of the room."

—New York Tribune.

At the Horse Show.

THE BAY: Some of these people are paying four and five hundred dollars to see us.

THE GRAY: Yes, and just think of what a lot of donkeys we see for nothing.

LIFE has upon occasions referred to the child labor of the South, and especially in the Southern cotton mills, where small children are compelled to labor for trifling wages, stunting their growth and robbing them in advance of future manhood and womanhood. A correspondent points out that this crime should not be laid at the door of the South, as the mills in which these abuses exist are owned and run by New England men—generally termed "Yankees."

Perhaps, therefore, the blame should be equally divided between New England, who has originally nurtured such harpies, and the South that tolerates them. With the New Englander, however, it may be a natural inheritance, as his Puritan ancestors did love to see children work. The Puritan had no special hatred for children, but he disliked to see other people happy, whether old or young.

The Straight of It.

DOES he pay as he goes?"
"He pays as his wife goes."

BROWN: What is the object of automobiles?

SMITH: Why, most anything that gets in the road.

The New Christy Book



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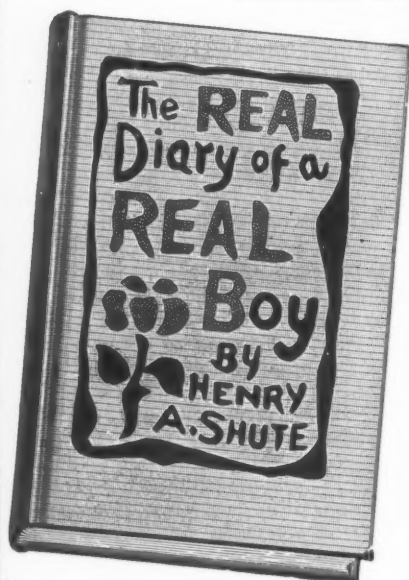
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DECEMBER 10,
1903.
NUMBER
1102.



"GLASS, WITH CARE."



THE LIGHT INFANTREE.

Thorough.

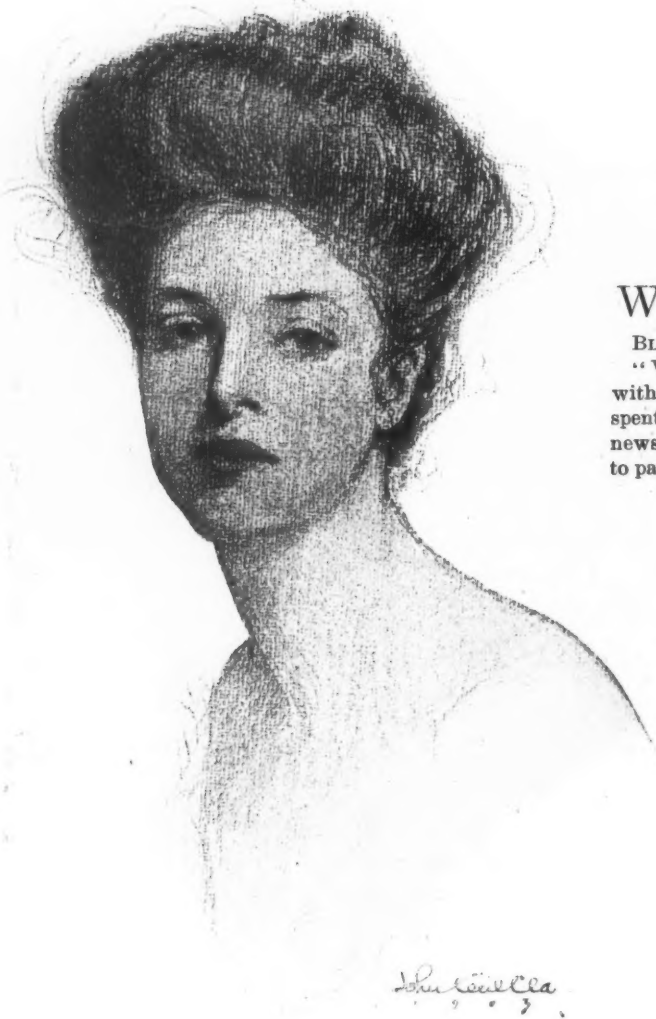
FEATHERSTONE: Haven't you got a great deal of mistletoe, Willie? Why, there is enough here for a seminary.

WILLIE: Yes. Sister wants to cover the whole ceiling.

For Economy's Sake.

MRS. FONDMAR: When you see the children's stockings hanging up, doesn't it make you wish you had some little fairies of your own?

OLDBATCH: Fairies, eh? Well, I think I'd prefer mermaids!



Nature's "Chef-d'œuvre."

THE sunbeams came from everywhere
And wove their gold to make your hair,
The dew that in the violet lies
Was gathered up to make your eyes,
And by the rose and lily's grace
She made the contour of your face,
And for your flesh and blood the flowers
Were gathered from a thousand bowers,
And gave their petals and their dew—
Love kissed the whole—and then 'twas You.

George Gribble.

Variegated.

WHITE: There was no lack of color in the afternoon
I put in to-day.

BLACK: How's that?

"Well, Brown took me for a ride in his Red Devil with a blue humorist and a green chauffeur, and we spent the time in a whitewashed cell reading a yellow newspaper, while waiting for him to raise the greenbacks to pay the fine."

A Discount for Cash.

MISS SAINTLY: Now, children, I will
give a silver dollar at Christmas to every
boy who has a perfect mark in conduct!

"BILLY" MCGINNIS: Say, teacher, I'll take
a quarter now, 'n' call it square!

No Discomfort.

VAN ANTLE (entertaining Witherby at his
country home): Now, old man, if you
should happen to want anything in the night,
just touch this bell.

WITHERBY: Never! I know how hard it
is to keep servants in the country. Catch me
touching that bell.

VAN ANTLE: But I assure you you are
perfectly safe. The bell doesn't work.

John G. Sella

"And then 'twas You."

Too Bad.

"POP, I have been up in the
attic."

As Willie spoke, he proudly displayed a package of considerable size that showed plainly its contents had been examined.

"What's in that?" said Slimson, suspiciously.

Willie unrolled the paper, and the contents fell out. There were an old-fashioned coat with a large belt, a beautiful long pipe, a pair of glossy boots, and a set of gorgeous cotton whiskers.

"There!" said Willie, "I found these yesterday, and I've brought them down for you to wear again this year. Will you, pop?"

Slimson smiled. He had evidently been discovered.

"I guess, Willie," he said at last, "that I won't bother to wear those things this year."

His disappointed son turned and gazed at his parent with surprise.

"Good gracious, pop!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that you are getting too old to believe in a Santa Claus?"





A CHRISTMAS GIFT.
JUST WHAT HE WANTED.



A Christmas Proclamation.

Now All Men by These Presents:

Smoker's Pride Cigars.
 Purple cravats.
 Hopeless hair brushes.
 Noisy neckties.
 Dainty smoking jackets.
 Agonizing bath robes.
 Fairylike bath slippers.
 Unreliable umbrellas.
 Meerschaum (?) pipes.
 Monogram socks.
 Chaste cigarette boxes.
 Maddening match safes.
 Enigmatic toilet articles.
 Scandalous scarf pins.
 Love-knot cuff links.
 Full-back pajamas.
 Rhapsodical suspenders.
 Temper-testing ash receivers.
 More match boxes.
 More cigars.
 More pipe racks.

W. D. Nesbit.

?

"DON'T you suppose it is possible for a man to go through the world without telling a lie?"

"I doubt it. Almost every man has been in love at some time in his life."

CHRISTMAS is the revelation of what man was intended to be.

IKEY and Jakey were rivals. One night, making up his accounts late, Jakey fell asleep and dreamed. He dreamed that the angel of the Lord stood by him and promised him anything that he wished, only his rival, Ikey, must have twice as much. After long thought Jakey turned to the angel and exclaimed: "One eye out!"

Surely.

FIRST MAGNATE: I couldn't make up my mind whether I would enter my daughters at the horse show or not.

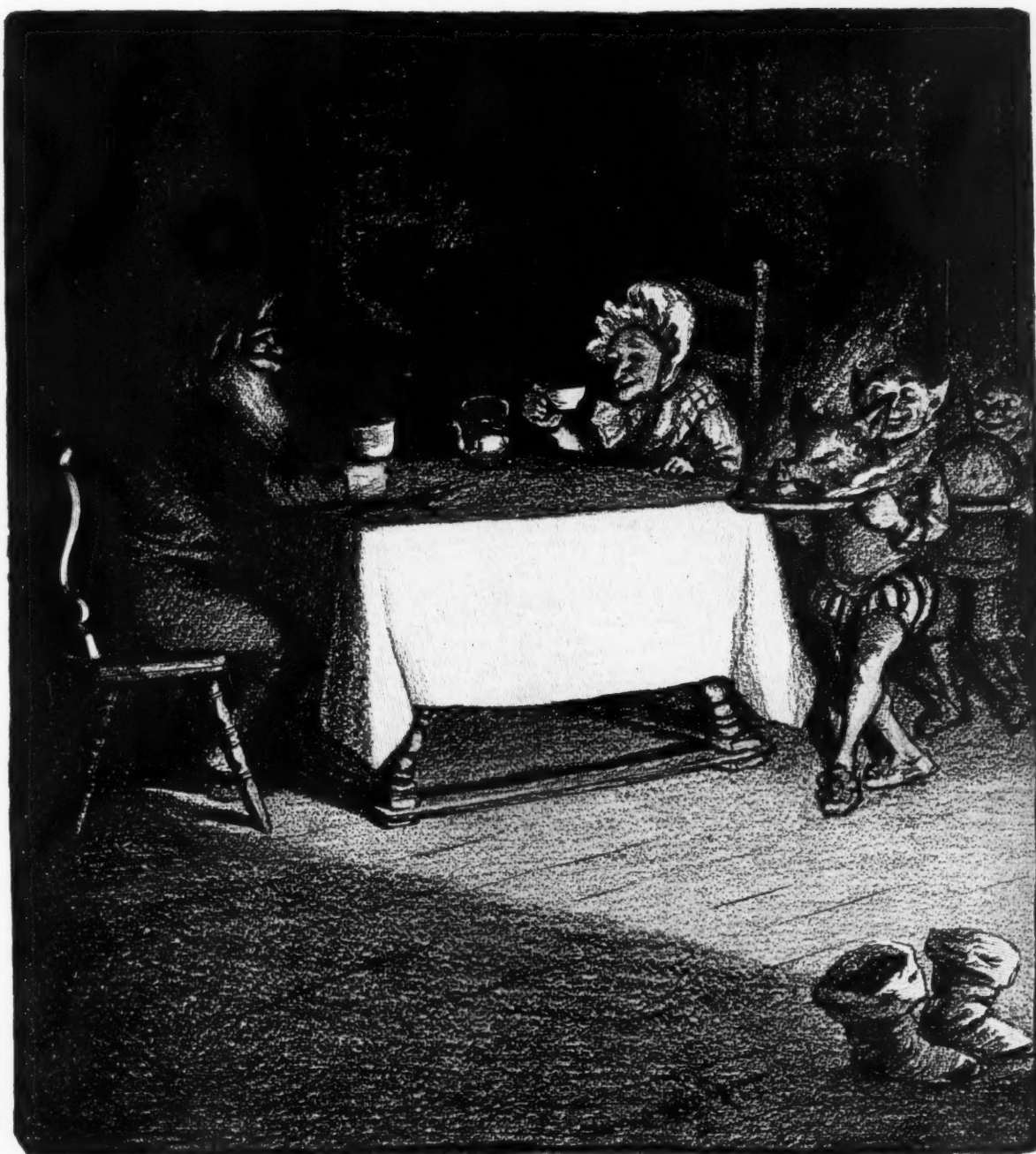
SECOND MAGNATE: Why not? Style, conformation and backing count for more than pedigree.



The Minnow: GEORGIE CRAB, WILL YOU LOAN ME ONE OF YOUR STOCKINGS FOR CHRISTMAS?



His Honor: WHAT'S THE CHARGE AGAINST THE PRISONER?
 Policeman: RESISTING AN OFFICER.



Mrs. Santa Claus: CHRIS, WHAT DOES THE TALK ABOUT RACE SUICIDE MEAN?
 "IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING. I FILLED MORE STOCKINGS THIS CHRISTMAS THAN EVER."

An Invitation to Dinner.

DIMPLETON put his hand carelessly in the pocket of the coat he hadn't had on for a week. As he did so, he felt a square envelope. He brought it out. It was in Mrs. Dimpleton's angular handwriting.

Dimpleton felt creeping over him that sickening feeling, that numbing chill that comes to a man in the sudden presence of supreme disaster.

The envelope contained an invitation extended to Mr. and Mrs. Whitter to take dinner with them on that very evening.

Dimpleton, slightly recovering, glanced at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. No time to lose.

He called up Whitter over the telephone.

"Say, old man," he said. "Did you

know that you and Mrs. Whitter were to dine with us to-night?"

"Why, no."

"Neither did I. I just found it out. I was looking through my pockets and discovered an invitation from Mrs. Dimpleton, addressed to you and your wife. Forgot to mail it. You can come, can't you? You *must* come, old fellow, and help me out of this scrape."

Whitter whistled softly.

"I don't see how we can, old man," he said. "Just before I left this morning, my wife told me we had an

engagement for to-night and to come home early. And she said it in a tone of voice that meant business. But say! A thought occurs to me. Are you sure your wife expects us?"

"Why, she must, of course. She told me the day she gave me that invitation to mail, that it was for to-night and not to make any date, and she hasn't told me you weren't coming."

"But we haven't acknowledged that invitation. We couldn't acknowledge an invitation we didn't receive, could we?"

This time Dimpleton whistled. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I never thought of that. Well, I guess I'm in for it. She is probably as mad as a March hare because she hasn't heard from you. I'll have to own up and take my medicine."

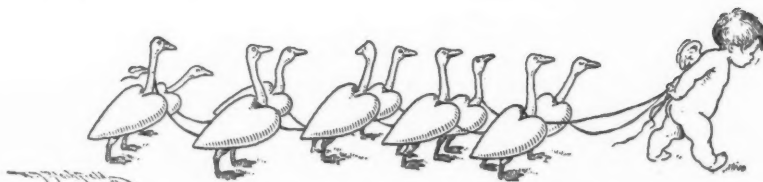
"Well, you have my sympathy. If there's anything left of you to-morrow, call me up and I'll condole with you."

"Thanks, old man. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Dimpleton thought over his predicament for some time. Something must be done. He must begin to square himself with his wife at once. Every moment's delay was fatal. But how? Mrs. Dimpleton had probably waited until that morning to hear from Mrs. Whitter. In the meantime, had she ordered her dinner yet? Probably not, as she never ordered before noon. To order an expensive dinner, and then find there was no one to eat it but themselves, would break Mrs. Dimpleton's economical heart. "So," said Dimpleton, "I will stop this now. Later on I will explain it all, and she will forgive me when she considers that even if I was forgetful, I was thoughtful enough to save the dinner."

Dimpleton rang up Mrs. Dimpleton. "Is this you, dear?"



Cupid (to his followers): THIS IS THE CHRISTMAS SEASON. FOR THE NEXT WEEK OR SO YOUR DIET WILL BE NOTHING BUT MISTLETOE!



Willie (in a whisper): OH! ETHEL! I S'POSE IT'S SHAVIN' MAKES UNCLE ALFRED SAY THOSE BAD WORDS.

"MAYBE THAT'S WHY OUR MINISTER WEARS A BEARD."



A CHRISTMAS EVE SURPRISE.
VISITORS FROM THE FAMILY TREE.



"OUT! OUT! BASE BURNER! THOU DIDST PROMISE TO WARM ME THE WINTER THROUGH!"

"Yes."
"I have a disappointment for you. The Whitters are not coming to-night."

"Not coming?"
"No. I've just received a telephone from Whitter, saying that an unexpected matter has come up, and much against their will and inclination they cannot possibly be with us."

Dimpleton felt that his lie should be as ornamental as possible.

Mrs. Dimpleton's voice was full of anxiety.

"Are you sure of this?"
"Absolutely. Whitter just telephoned. He was all broken up. Says they had been looking forward so much to this evening. He's going to explain it all later. By the way, have you ordered the dinner?"

"No, but I was just going to."
"Well, I'm glad he called me up just as he did."

Mrs. Dimpleton's voice was tired as she replied.

"Yes—just in time. But I'm so dis-

appointed. I had planned such a nice dinner. It is too bad."

"Yes, it's too bad. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Dimpleton figuratively patted himself on the back all the afternoon. That was a great stroke. It was bad enough to have forgotten to mail that invitation, but just suppose, he chuckled, that dinner had been ordered and no one to eat it. How he would have caught it! Now he would go home and explain it all, and be forgiven.

At half past six—a little later than his usual home coming, he stood before his wife, who was calmly seated in the library reading a magazine.

"My dear," he said briskly, "I'm not going to do anything until I tell you something. I'm not even going to wash my hands and face and brush my hair. I have a confession to make, and so here goes.

"Do you know, I forgot entirely to mail that invitation to the Whitters. When I got to the office to-day, I found it in my clothes."

Mrs. Dimpleton laughed lightly.



SOLICITING BUSINESS.

Bank President (after paying exorbitant fare): ALLOW ME TO GIVE YOU MY CARD. AS PRESIDENT OF THE NINETY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK, I MAY SAY THAT WE WOULD BE PLEASED TO HANDLE SOME OF YOUR INVESTMENTS.

"Why don't you tell me something new?" she said.

"New! Did you know that I had forgotten it?"

"Of course I knew. You don't suppose that I would trust a mere man in such an important matter as a dinner, do you? Not much. I waited for three days, and knowing how prompt Mrs. Whitter is, I concluded that you had been at your old tricks. So I called her up over the telephone, and found out that I was right—no invitation had been received. Then I had to explain, and apologize for you, and repeat it. Mrs. Whitter accepted on the spot, and what I don't understand *now* is, why they should have waited until the last moment and then telephoned you that they couldn't come."

Dimpleton found himself turning deathly pale.

"They didn't," he stammered. "I telephoned him and he said his wife had an engagement, and I—"

Mrs. Dimpleton rose and faced him.

"You miserable creature!" she exclaimed. "That was our engagement. You tried to crawl out of it. Of course he didn't know what the engagement was for. I told her not to tell him, so that I could frighten you about not mailing that invitation. Oh! Oh!"

At this moment the bell rang. Their guests had arrived. Dimpleton, in his business suit, wild-eyed and unkempt, turned to his wife in her last year's high-necked gown. Like two animals at bay, they faced each other in grim despair.

"What have we got for dinner?" he said hoarsely.

"Can't you smell it?" groaned Mrs. Dimpleton. "It's corned beef and cabbage."

Tom Masson.

A Question of Moods.

"If you knew how I missed you," were the words that she wrote;

"How I wanted you, dear,"—such a sweet little note;

"So tedious the hours and so weary the day—

If you knew how I missed you, when you were away."

And so on the morrow, impatient to see The welcoming smile that was waiting for me,

I hurried my pace till I met her, and then She exclaimed, rather coldly, "What!

You here again?" *Walter Learned.*



CHRISTMAS IN FROGVILLE.
WHEN THE BALL IS UP.

The Wrong Thing.

IT was Christmas morning.

Witherby felt keenly, as he came down-stairs, the responsibility of the occasion. For weeks the question of what he should give his wife for Christmas had been a heavy burden to him. He had lingered before jeweler's windows with a keen sense of his own incompetence.

He had endeavored to snatch from Mrs. Witherby's conversation some hint. Finally, unable to bear the strain any longer, he had come out boldly with, "Now, dear, tell me what you really want for Christmas."

And Mrs. Witherby had replied in no uncertain tones, "Oh, a lot of things, but please, dear, don't give me anything I *don't* want."

Witherby felt now that he had solved the problem. In his hand was clutched a piece of paper—a handsome check, payable to Mrs. Witherby's order. Here there was safety.

He came down to the breakfast table, kissed his wife fondly and pressed the paper into her hands.

"There, dear," he said, "is a little Christmas gift. A Merry Christmas."

Mrs. Witherby unfolded the paper and looked at it in silence. Then she looked up with an assured smile.

"I thank you, dear," she said, "it was ever so good of you."

Witherby gazed at her in astonish-



LISTEN TO THAT.

"HAVE YOU EVER LISTENED TO THAT LONG ISLAND SOUND?"

"NO, BUT I HAVE HEARD NEW YORK BAY."



THE DESIGNER'S NIGHTMARE.

ment. The enthusiasm, the rapture, he had expected, was not there. He was conscious of having done the right thing, and yet something was wrong.

"What is it, my dear?" he observed. "You are not pleased. Isn't the amount satisfactory? What is it?"

His wife looked at him. She smiled again.

"Why, yes, dear," she said. "It's splendid, and awfully good of you, of course. But do you know, I think I would rather have had the money!"

Classified.

STELLA: How would you divide society?

BELLA: Well, in the lower classes, you marry an anybody; in the middle classes, a nobody; in the upper classes, a somebody; and in the smart set, an everybody.

THE Duke married an American girl, did he? Why, I thought he inherited his wealth."

"Oh, no. He came by it the usual way."



She: OH, I HAD LOTS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, BUT WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE PUT THE MOST IN MY STOCKING?
 "WELL, PROBABLY BOUNTEOUS NATURE."

Love's Calendar.

I.

A MAN and a maid entered together a garden of green grass and blue skies, sweet with a thousand scents of blooming flowers, and musical with the songs of many birds.

They had come to bid each other a last farewell, and slowly and dejectedly they crossed the sunlit

spaces until they stood beside a gleaming, rippling fountain.

"What is that mournful sound?" asked the girl, listlessly.

"A bluebird, I think," answered the man. "Dreary, isn't it?"

"I am so cold," shivered the girl.

"Small wonder," he replied. "It is snowing," as the light wind tossed a shower of cherry blossoms about their heads.

"No," she corrected; "raining, I think," as a drop from the fountain plashed against her cheek. "Miserable weather."

"Wretched," corroborated the man. "There is frost in the air. All the flowers look as if they were dying. Strange, so late in May."

"May?" cried the maid. "I thought it was December."

II.

ON a day when the skies were lowering and overcast, when the thermometer slid down its scale as down a toboggan slide, and the air held the sharp sting of a thousand electric needles, the man and the maid again entered the garden, and floundered

through the snow until they stood, laughing and happy, beside the now frozen fountain.

"What lovely weather!" cried the girl, heartily. "So invigorating!"

"Splendidly fresh and bracing," answered the man. "How musical is the sound of the fountain," as the wind howled through the leafless trees.

"Indeed, yes," responded the maid, dreamily. "The sun is warm, too. Listen!" suddenly. "What are those bells?"

"Christmas bells," he answered.

"Christmas bells? Absurd! Why, this is May."

He pondered deeply. "Nay; it feels like May. But I think—I am quite sure that it is December."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

"PAPA, what is a coquette?"

"Any girl, my son, that a man wants but can't get."



A Tragic Calendar.

JANET was quite ill one day,
 Febrile troubles came her way.
 Martyr-like she lay in bed,
 Aproned nurses softly sped.
 "Maybe," said the leech, judicial,
 "Junket would be beneficial."
 Juleps, too, though freely tried,
 Augured ill, for Janet died.
 Sepulcher was sadly made,
 Octaves pealed and prayers were said.
 Novices with many a tear
 Decorated Janet's bier.

Carolyn Wells.

Anatomical Estimate.

WE are now in the body of the theatre," said the first gentleman, as he led his friends into the auditorium. "We just passed through the cuticle, if you remember."

"The cuticle?" asked the friends.

"Yes, the ticket speculators on the pavement."

"But how's that?"

"Isn't the cuticle the outside skin?"

A Divided House.

"NO; they didn't get along very well together; though she regrets him, now that he is gone."

"What seemed to be the trouble?"

"Creed difference: she believed in the beauty of holiness; he, in the holiness of beauty."

A GIRL in the arms is worth two in the push.



ALWAYS WELCOME.

"NOW, WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO FIRST?"
 "WELL, I GUESS WE'D BETTER DRIVE TO SANTA CLAUS' HOUSE
 AND THANK HIM FOR ALL THE PRESENTS AND ASK HIM TO
 CALL AGAIN."

Manceuvring.

WHENEVER I try to propose,
 Medora begins to manceuvre;
 The wonderful skill that she shows,
 Might rightly be called a *chef-d'œuvre*.
 All topics on which I may dote,
 If they upon love-land should border,
 Are banished to regions remote,
 And that in a very short order.

I fancy she eyes me in doubt
 If I speak of some phase of the fashion;
 That word, when a rhymers about,
 Is very suggestive of "passion."
 She bans every mention of "sweets"
 With the obdurate air of a grandee,
 Although she retracts and retreats
 At the offer of chocolate candy.

I'd swear the maid loves me, and yet,
 For causes both foolish and flimsy,
 I can't, to my deepest regret,
 Persuade her to conquer her whimsy.
 I think, when I see her again
 I'll make no attempt to reprove her,
 But clasp her and kiss her!—How then,—
 How then will Medora manceuvre?

Clinton Scollard.

Valuable.

HE: I believe you think more of that dog than you do of me.

SHE: But he's worth so much more.

IN family hotels they sing it "Home, suite home."

Our Experience.

WE build a castle in the air,
 In youth's impulsive season;
 A place of visions bright and fair,
 Beyond the bounds of reason.

We fill our lives with sordid care
 Till Fancy's hold relaxes,
 And find our castles in the air
 Have all been sold for taxes.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Another Remedy.

"I'VE got to change my typewriter," said Goldsborough.

"I thought she was eminently satisfactory," put in Thornton.

"She is, but my wife is jealous of her."

"Why not get another wife?"



"ISN'T THIS A GREAT DAY? I BELIEVE A FELLOW WOULD LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS IF HE COULD HAVE DAYS LIKE THESE."



THE GOVERNMENT EXPECTS THAT EVERY ONE SHALL PAY HIS DUTY.



COLDEST DAY IN FOURTEEN YEARS. WHIEW!



GREAT THUNDER! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE.



COLDEST DAY WE'VE HAD IN FOURTEEN YEARS! I BELIEVE I AM GOING TO HAVE PNEUMONIA."

A Bookworm's Ballade to His Friends.



TO those dear ones who love me well
And now with gifts would bless,
I'd say, since naught will curb nor quell
Your giving's great excess,
Send me for Christmas—Yes!
And spare me injured looks!—
Some sign of friendliness,
But let me choose my books!

Your tastes no other tastes excel
In some things, I confess;
My admiration you compel
In all affairs of dress.
Send me that sorceress—
A pipe! Rod, line and hooks,
A collie to caress,
But let me choose my books!

I badly need a new umbrel—
(This form is O-b-s,
But as my old one's *that*—to tell
The truth—'twill do, I guess.)
And Oh! a game of chess,
With carven pawns and rooks,
I've long wished to possess,
But let me choose my books!

Friends, your good-will express
E'en in cigars, Gadzooks!
Give me or more or less,
But let me choose my books!

Edvard W. Barnard.

Hooptewhoop Magazine.

December, 1903.

No. 985.

and this prodigious increase in advertising convinces us that our confidence in the judgment of our readers has not been misplaced. Now, we are going to go further yet. We are going to offer still greater inducements to our readers to write us and tell us what to do. We want every man, woman and child in this broad land—and it is as broad as it is long, like this proposal—we want every man, woman and child in this land to feel that it is his or her privilege to write to the editor or manager of *The Hooptewhoop Magazine* and tell us how to run the publication. We are open to advice as to stories, poems, advertisements or cover pages. We will please everybody. Read our offer:

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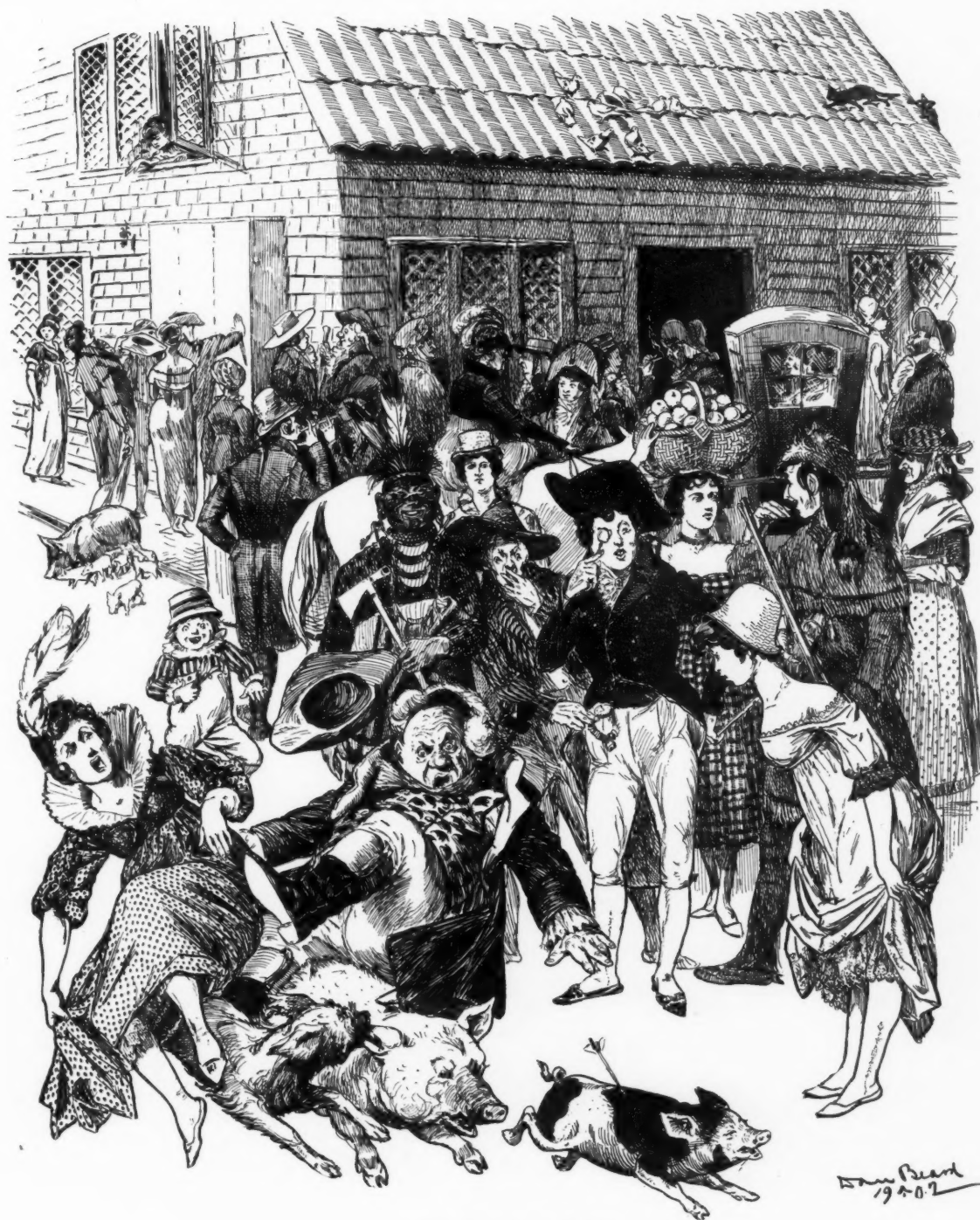
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A PROBLEM.

IF THE MAN AT THE END OF THIS LINE VALUES HIS TIME AT \$26 AN HOUR, AND WAITS THREE HOURS AND SEVENTEEN MINUTES TO SEND A CHRISTMAS PRESENT THAT COSTS \$1.50, WHAT IS THE PROFIT, AND WHERE DOES THE "CHRISTMAS JOY" COME IN?



LIFE IN NEW YORK IN 1803.

NO CABLE CARS, NO TROLLEYS, NO AUTOMOBILES, NO ELEVATED R. R.; BUT SOMETHING DOING, EVEN THEN.

Love's Hide-and-Seek.

LOVE hides himself within the eyes
Of her who to my heart is dearest;
I catch him sometimes by surprise,
In moments when our souls are nearest,
Stealing a shy and sudden glance
Behind her lashes' deep-fringed curtain;
He flies the instant I advance,
But still—'tis Love himself, I'm certain!
Lately, the dimples in her cheek
Have been his favorite place of hiding;
Sweet is such winsome hide-and-seek,
Yet through it all my time I'm biding.
I wait the hour—oh, longed-for bliss!
Oh, sudden and triumphant rapture!—
When, trembling, fluttering, in a kiss,
Love on her rose-leaf lips I'll capture!
P. Leonard.

The Passing of Youth.



THE Man sat before the purring fire, a half-opened book between his fingers, a listless content on his well-lined face. Youth watched him wistfully from the threshold a moment, then she pulled the veil of her traveling hat resolutely over her nose and tapped his shoulder briskly.

He opened his eyes slowly and yawned.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," she said, "but I'm going. I don't want to have a scene, but to say good-by quietly and firmly. I really don't think I'm necessary to you any more."

"Oh, nonsense," said the Man. "Don't let's have this all over again. You threatened to go half a dozen years ago, and I raved—and you didn't; and you threatened to go last year, and I begged—and you didn't. And you say you're going now—"

"And you're rather relieved, and I am," said the girl. "Confess. I'm not what I used to be to you, am I?"

"I confess," said the Man, "that my tastes have somewhat changed, but, my dear Youth, that reflects no discredit whatever upon you. Really, you'd better stay a while longer."

"Why?" she asked suddenly. "Won't you come out for a last run with me? It's a glorious morning; there's a high wind and a blue sky, and the snow crackles under one's feet. Let's fly

across country the way we used to. Come!"

The Man yawned and shook his head. "It's rather cozy here, don't you think?" he said. "And besides, I'm just in the middle of this book, and hate to leave. It's most interesting."

The girl's eyes softened. She bent across his shoulder. "Is it poetry?" she asked wistfully. "Oh, how we loved it, you and I! I might stay a moment to read just a verse or two."

The Man chuckled comfortably. "Poetry? Bah, no!" he said. "There is no poetry—we were mistaken about that once. What we thought poetry was merely words with the same endings. This"—he held up a book—"is a thousand times more interesting."

She read the title slowly: "Relation of Pre-Adamic Man to the—" She stumbled over the last word and caught her breath sharply. "How beastly!" she cried. "I wouldn't bother with such nonsense."

"Of course you wouldn't," he said. "You never bother with anything that doesn't amuse you. It's nothing to you that the world's made up of such solid facts."

"It's not," cried Youth, sharply. "You know very well that we agreed long ago that the world was made of moonshine and sunshine."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the Man.

"There," said the girl, sadly, "you see we are disagreeing again. It's really time we parted." She stepped indecisively toward the door and paused again. "There was such a pretty girl went by the window this morning," she said. "Her cheeks were red as holly berries and her eyes were brown and soft as a bird's throat. Did you—" she faltered wistfully, "happen to notice her?"

The Man opened his book. "Good color, but no intelligence in her face," he said. "I hate these dolls—all giggles and sentiment."

Youth winced. "I don't quite understand you," she said. "Before I spoke of leaving, you considered all girls beautiful—and, of course, they are—and all women angels—and, of course, they are. Perhaps you prefer blondes? Did you see the yellow-haired girl who came after her?"

The Man nodded. "I liked the look of her much better," he said. "Now, she looked as though—" Youth's eyes glistened; she clasped her hands ecstatically. "Yes!" she cried eagerly. "As though she could cook?" said the Man.

"Cook!" cried Youth. "What sacrilege to speak of a girl and food in the same breath. Oh, I *must* be off!"

She extended her gloved hand gingerly. The Man shook it limply. "Really, I suppose I'm not doing the right thing at all to let you go off quietly like this," he said. "One is always hearing of rows people make to keep you. But you're always kicking up such times and doing such eccentric things that one longs for a little peace and quiet, you know."

"We were so congenial once," she breathed softly.

"Oh, don't go into that," he said uncomfortably. "The moment we first disagreed you threatened to be up and off, and I suppose it's just as well." He peered over her shoulder. "Those are your boxes in the hall?" he inquired politely.

"Yes," she said. "I'm taking a few little things you threw out. You don't mind, I hope. Those small boxes there are dreams—day ones, principally. If I thought you could ever use them again—"

"Gracious, no!" said the Man. "Take them, and welcome. A lot of useless bric-à-brac to catch the dust. What's in the big box?"

"That," she said softly, "is your ideal."

"But, my dear child," cried the Man, "that's smashed into a thousand pieces. What in the world do you want that for? You'll never mend it—we tried it once, you remember."

"It was so beautiful once," said Youth, sadly. "Before it fell, do you remember?"

"I remember we had the devil's own time picking up the pieces," said the Man. "Well—if you really must go. If you'll excuse me, I won't go to the door; the draught is terrible."

The girl looked at him over her shoulder as she turned. "Don't you think you'll miss me a little, for old times' sake, sometimes?" she said.

"Oh, if you put it that way," said the Man, uneasily. "But, after all, there's a certain comfort in one's book and pipe and peg I rather miss when you're around. There! Of course she'd slam the door. I might have expected it."

He went back to the fire and stretched himself out lazily before it. The morning sun danced on the frosted pane. The wind called with the voice of a laughing girl. The skies were like the eyes of a blonde witch. The Man filled his pipe and looked through the smoke of his first puff toward the window.

"And she wanted me to be out jumping hedges in such weather. Fancy!" he said. *Theodosia Garrison.*



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He: WAS THAT YOU I KISSED IN THE CONSERVATORY LAST NIGHT?

"ABOUT WHAT TIME WAS IT?"



FE



SOME PEOPLE SPECIAL T

FE



PLE NECEAL TREATMENT.



SANTA TAKES HIS REINDEER IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY.

The Little Kibosh.

IT was ever so many years ago,
On a prairie by the sea,
A little Kibosh I used to know,
By the name of Hoppity Lee.
His hair was as green as the driven snow,
And his cheeks were as blue as tea.

'Twas just about night, or nearly noon,
When Hoppity Lee and I
Decided to go for a sail to the moon,
Or at least, as far as the sky ;
But instead of taking the Big Balloon,
We sailed in a Pumpkin Pie.

Dear little Hoppity Lee and I
Were happy and glad and gay.

But the Dog-star came out as we passed by,
And began to bark and bay.
And the little Kibosh fell out of the pie
And into the milky way.

I fished and fished, for a year and a week,
For dear little Hoppity Lee ;
And at last I heard a small, faint squeak
From the place where he seemed to be.
And he said, " Go home and nevermore seek,
Oh, nevermore seek for me."

Carolyn Wells.

Evidence.

" DO you believe in telepathy ? "

" Well, this morning a man paid me a hundred dollars he owed me, and this afternoon I got a letter from my wife asking for a hundred."



" 'NEATH THE SHADE OF
THE SHELTERING PALM."

Christmas Gifts

A Year's Subscription to The Century Magazine,—full of attractive features in 1904,—Jack London's new novel, "The Sea Wolf"; Dr. Mitchell's daring and unique piece of writing, "The Youth of Washington: Told in the Form of an Autobiography"; Thackeray's Letters; Ambassador White's Reminiscences; Maxfield Parrish's beautiful illustrations and Mrs. Wharton's articles on Italian Gardens; Ernest Thompson Seton's new Fables,—and the best short stories that are appearing anywhere. Price, \$4.00 a year.

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Cupid's Bow.

SUGGESTIVE of the South is
Your gipsy face aglow,
Whose tempting, rosebud mouth is
Cupid's bow.

Think of the kind of arrow
For such a bow as this!
It somehow seems to narrow
To a kiss.

I know it would be pleasant
To catch one on the fly,
When only two were present,—
You and I.

Should you desire a string to
This magic bow, dear heart,
Try one who likes to sing to
Speed the dart.

Thus every kiss shall capture
A lyric in its flight;—
Each dart be tipt with rapture
And delight.

The rhymes shall last as long as
The kisses care to go,
For love is just as strong as
Cupid's bow!

Felix Carmen.

Progress.

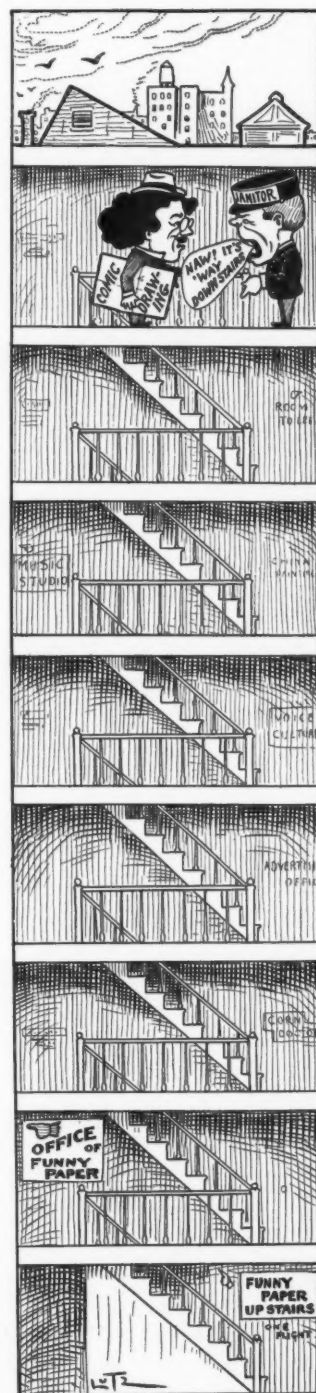
PARKE: How is your little girl
getting on with her music?

LANE: First-rate. I haven't been
home much, but my neighbors are
beginning to speak to me again.

Limit.

"WERE you ill enough to have a
consultation of doctors?"

"A good deal worse than that, old
man. I had a consultation of my
creditors."



CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR.

• LIFE •

WILLIAMS'S SHAVING STICK

0



"FEELS GOOD ON THE FACE"

Hans Pickel's Advice.

WHEN feerst I married mein Ka-treen,

Some twenty years ago,
She vas as pooty as a qveen
Upon a cameo.

She vas a schlender, kraceful girl,
Mit liddle tanzend feet,
Undt von complexion joost like pearl:—
Ach, Himmel, van't she schveet!

She vore her front hair in a pang—
"T vas t'ick, undt soft, undt fine;
Undt den her voice venn oudt she sang
Vent to mein head like wine.
She vas so schentle in her vays
It filled me mit delight:—
Der fire of Love burned mit a blaze
Dot made mein heart all bright!

But now how she has schanged aboutt
As time has vent along!
Her pack is vide, her vaist is schtoudt,
Her voice has lost her song.
Undt den she schalds me night undt
day;
Her vishes I can't suit;
I t'ink I'd like to run away!
Der rift vas in der lute!

Vat vas der madder? I can't dell!
Whose fault vas it? Who knows
Vy Himmel has been schanged to Hell,
Vy Love's varm fire is froze?
It seems to pe der vay of life—
Some discipline is meant
Dot toil undt schtrife come mit a vife—
So dond't git married, freindt!
Nathan Haskell Dole.

MR. NOLAN had received a long tongue-lashing from Mr. Quigley, and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor by a prompt use of his fists.

"But he's more than me equal," said Mr. Nolan, dubiously, "and look at the size of him."

"Sure, and you don't want folks to be saying Terry Nolan is a coward?" demanded a reproachful friend.

"Well, I dunno," and Mr. Nolan gazed mournfully about him. "I'd rather that than to have them saying day afther to-morrow, 'How natural Terry looks!'"

—*Youth's Companion.*

"OLD friends are best"—a particularly appropriate truism when applied to the world-famous Williams' Shaving Soap, which has held first place in the toilet requisites of fastidious men for more than half a century. In its purity, delicate perfume and superabundance of rich, creamy lather, it stands without a peer. If you shave yourself and have not tried it, you have a delightful experience coming. Ask for "Williams' Shaving Stick" in metal case. For sale everywhere.

LORD CURZON has been long noted for his penchant for making cutting and cold remarks. Some years ago, says the railway official who tells the story, Lord Curzon came down from London by what was then the London, Chatham and Dover railway, to address a political meeting at one of the Kent coast resorts. Lord Curzon was in a

hurry. The train made its twenty miles an hour all right, but the future viceroy thought it the slowest train on earth. He said so to the guard. That dignitary, as usual, took the remark as a personal insult.

"If you don't like the speed of this train, mister," he said, "you can get out and walk!"

Lord Curzon was not crushed. Tart as vinegar came the reply:

"I would, only they don't expect me till this train gets in!" —*Answers.*

DR. CHARLES PARKHURST, of New York, believes in people saying just what they mean, and says he has a horror of footnotes. "Whenever I see a footnote," he says, "I am always reminded of a certain Presbyterian church meeting. One statute drawn up pertained to the love of the Almighty, and it was stated in the rigid, old-fashioned Presbyterian style, with more of sternness than love in it. One of the more gentle Presbyterian brethren suggested that a footnote be added, mitigating somewhat the harsher statement. Then up jumped the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. 'I object, gentlemen,' he said. 'I will not have the love of God put in a footnote.'" —*New York Tribune.*

Early.

BRIGGS: Aren't you tired of these amateur theatricals?

BRIGGS: Not much! I haven't kissed every girl in the neighborhood yet.

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YORK

Indigestible Comestibles.

SAY, Olivette an opera,
Rosetta stone,—and yet
When I had Eton Jackets,
Rose had a wagonette!

Carolyn Wells.

AT the latest of the ladies' clubs a "pets' room" with little stalls for dogs and cats, lemurs and lizards, all the small creatures that a lady finds necessary as companions, are provided.

One of the most enthusiastic members was showing her friends of her own sex over the establishment, and opened the door of the "pets' room" with proper pride.

There, in the center of the room, on two chairs, sat two immaculately clothed young men, grave of face, but with a wicked twinkle in their eyes.

"Don't you know this is the ladies' 'pets' room'?" asked the enthusiastic member with some acerbity.

"That's why we are here," replied the most serious of the two young men, with becoming gravity. —*Sporting Times*.

MARK TWAIN described recently his first meeting with James McNeill Whistler.

"I was introduced to Mr. Whistler," he said, "in his studio in London. I had heard that the painter was an incorrigible joker, and I was determined to get

the better of him, if possible. So at once I put on my most hopelessly stupid air, and I drew near the canvas that Mr. Whistler was completing.

"That ain't bad," I said. "It ain't bad, only here in this corner"—and I made as if to rub out a cloud effect with my finger. "I'd do away with that cloud if I was you."

"Whistler cried nervously:

"Gad, sir, be careful there. Don't you see the paint is not dry?"

"Oh, that don't matter," said I. "I've got my gloves on."

"We got on well together after that."

—*New York Tribune*.

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"ARE you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so! I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnia paralaxitis."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel." —*Schoolmaster*.

GLEN MACDONOUGH, who wrote the libretto for the comic opera, "Babes in Toyland," was sitting in a New York café recently with Victor Herbert, the composer, when a waiter approached to take his order. The waiter smiled at Mr. MacDonough, and said: "You don't remember me, do you? I used to sing in one of your companies."

"I remember you very well," said Mr. MacDonough.

"Are you surprised to see me here as a waiter?" asked the other.

"Not a bit," replied the librettist, cheerfully; "you know, I have heard you sing."

—*Argonaut*.

FIRST MISSIONARY: Well, brother, how did you get on in your field—did you convert many heathens?

SECOND MISSIONARY: Yes, but just as I made converts of them, they all became hopeless drunkards.

Aloof and Aloof.

RACHEL: Rebecca, what is the secret of your youthful appearance?

REBECCA: Well, I mind my own business—and take an afternoon-nap every day.

WIFE: I thought I should never get away from Dr. Blank's to-day. He talks by the hour.

HUSBAND: Yes, and charges by the minute.

The Round Table of King Arthur



Superb for a Christmas gift is this splendid panel from Edwin A. Abbey's frieze of the QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL in the Boston Public Library. It is obtainable solely in our COPLEY PRINTS, which is true of practically all our subjects,—an exclusiveness which enhances their value as gifts. This Round Table comes in three sizes: 16x45 inches, \$18.00 (framed and delivered, \$28.00); 9x28 inches, \$7.50 (framed and delivered, \$14.50); 5x13 inches, \$2.50 (framed and delivered, \$5.50). Mr. Abbey himself says of the quality, "I could not wish it bettered." Also excellent for

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a Christmas gift is our new book on the Holy Grail, handsomely illustrated with the fifteen panels of the frieze and eleven of the very interesting sketches and studies of details, \$5.00 net; by mail, \$5.20. Our Prints are obtainable through the art stores; we also are glad to send to anyone "on approval,"—which is found to be a great convenience in one's selections of Christmas gifts. Send for our complete Illustrated Catalogue, 15 cents (stamps). Above picture "Copy-right 1895 by Edwin A. Abbey; From a Copley Print copyright 1896 by

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Artistic panel showing 12 Gibson Heads in Half-tone—10 cents.

George F. Bassett & Co., Dept. U, 49 Barclay Street, New York City.

Reductio Ad Absurdum.

(PHILADELPHIA.—At the meeting of the Central Labor Union Sunday President Leps was voted down on the proposition that a union man had the right to perform any necessary work at home, and that his wife could mend his torn clothing instead of sending it to a tailor.)

He drew the blinds at the windows tight,
So that no glimmer of telltale light
Might find a way to the gloomy night.
He plugged the keyhole in the door,
And then tiptoed across the floor
And took his hammer up once more.
He but intended to drive a nail;
He raised his arm—and his cheeks grew pale,
And he knew concealment had no avail,
For a knocking came
From the hand of fate—
The rap of the walking delegate!

He took his razor from off the shelf—
He would save moments, as well as pelf,
By amputating his beard himself.
But list! He scarce had wet the soap
And with his beard began to cope,
When something blasted all his hope.
His palsied hand left the frothing brush,
As a whoop came out of the solemn hush,
And brought to his shivering cheeks a blush:
"You'll be fined for this,
For it isn't straight!"—
The call of the walking delegate.
His wife asserted the time was ripe
For renovating the old stovepipe.

The perspiration he had to wipe
Off of his brow, for well he knew
That he had something fierce to do;
It made him mad and made him blue.
The stovepipe tangled around his neck,
The soot marked him with its stripe and fleck;
He fell, a cursing and writhing wreck!

And there came a sneer:
"There'll be trouble here!"—
The jeer of the walking delegate!

He pins his trousers with shingle nails,
His coat is open to all the gales;
At missing buttons he often wails.
His wife, however, sits and smiles,
And views the swiftly growing piles
Of tattered garments, and beguiles
Him with a murmur that's meant to warn:
"If I should ever attempt to darn
Or stitch your clothing with thread or yarn,

You know full well
We would agitate
The wrath of the walking delegate!"

—Chicago Tribune.

A Sign.

CLEVERTON: What makes you think
you are falling in love with Miss
Dartsmith?

DASHAWAY: I notice that every evening
I call, the sofa we sit on grows longer and
longer.

DOROTHY was heard talking to her rabbit:

"Five times five," she said. "Six times

six, seven times seven." Between times she
shook the rabbit violently.

"Dorothy," said her mother, "what are
you doing to your rabbit?"

"Well, papa says," replied the child, "that
rabbits multiply rapidly, and Bunnie won't
do it." —Birmingham Post.

The Way of the World.

"WHEN we were poor," remarked the
prosperous man, reflectively, "we
looked forward to the time when we could
have a summer home."

"Well?"

"Well, when we got rich enough to have
one we didn't like going to the same place
every summer, because it was monotonous,
and we looked forward to the time when
we could have another for variety."

"Well?"

"Well, we got another, and then we be-
gan to long for a winter place, so that we
wouldn't have to be so much in the big house
in the city."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least, I suppose my
wife is. She keeps them all shut up, and
spends most of her time in Europe, but she
knows she has them."

—Chicago Evening Post.

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THIS high-grade French Corset is hand-made throughout, and only the very best of materials, including genuine whale-bone, are used in its manufacture. For over twenty-five years it has been recognized as one of the most comfortable and stylish Corsets in the market, representing the best skill and workmanship that can be secured.

The new models (one of which is illustrated herewith) are made after the newest ideas in French Corsets, and conform in every way with Fashion's latest demand.

The very large variety of models which we carry enables us to fit almost any figure as satisfactorily as though the Corset had been made to measure, and expert fitters are always in attendance to insure to each customer, not only a perfect fit, but a Corset adapted to her figure.

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• LIFE •



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SPECIAL—Both calendars and one set of six new souvenir Indian postal cards (price 25 cents when purchased separately) sent securely packed by prepaid express, on receipt of \$1.00. Address all orders plainly.

F. A. RINEHART, 1532 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.

AMT SCISSORS AMT NULLV

MELANCHOLY DAYS.

We're bored to death by arguments on Russia and Japan,
The barge canal, on politics, does Kipling's poetry scan?
Will Langley ever sail through space? Will Peary reach the pole?
Is Maeterlinck a dramatist or poet of the soul?
Will steel securities be squeezed until they're limp and dry?
Will Carnegie be poor enough in fifty years to die?
Oh! what's the use of anything? What matters how or where?
And yet we keep on living, and keep right on breathing air;
There's nothing new to startle us, same sun and same old moon,
Same getting up for breakfast, same grab-bag lunch at noon;
Same stories by same authors, and same songs, and same old plays,
The same old smoky autumn and the same November days.

—Rochester Post-Express.

AN INTERNAL DIFFICULTY.

Little Archie Richards, at the close of the Thanksgiving dinner, sat at the table with his face suffused with tears. His mother was greatly troubled. With a sweet smile and with gentle intonation she put one arm around her little baby boy, and asked:

"What is it mamma's little darling wants?"

But "mamma's little darling" continued to cry. Mamma made another effort to find out the trouble.

"Does mamma's baby boy want some more cake?" she asked.

"No'm," said the child, while the tears continued to flow.

"Does he want some more pie?" she further inquired.

"No'm," he further replied.

"Well," said the mother, making a last effort to reach his case, "tell mamma what baby wants."

The little boy managed somehow to say between sobs, "I want some of this out I've got in."—Lippincott's.

ROBERT is not yet four years old. One day his mother saw him looking intently at a medallion representing "The Judgment of Paris."

Presently he asked, "What is it about, mamma?"

His mother told him the old story of the golden apple and the beautiful woman, adding, half playfully, as she finished, "Now, whom do you think the more beautiful, Robert?"

He studied earnestly a minute, then replied, "I can't tell, because they haven't their clothes on."—Harper's Magazine.

GEORGE MOORE, the novelist, has accumulated from his residence in Ireland a number of Irish anecdotes that are not included in his book, "The Untilled Field."

Mr. Moore says that he was walking one day in a Dublin street when an undertaker's assistant passed him, carrying on his shoulder a coffin unusually tiny.

A young man stopped the assistant near Mr. Moore.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the young man, "that this coffin is intended for any living creature?"—New York Tribune.

IN response to J. B.'s request for the words of an old Irish ballad describing the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter, a number of friends have kindly come to our assistance. Most of the versions sent are taken from old scrapbooks of five and twenty years ago, and no two are exactly the same. One correspondent says the author was "Michael Moran, one of the last of the street minstrels of Dublin"; another alludes to him simply as "an odd old character in Dublin over fifty years ago, who composed other quaint and amusing lines." Here is what seems to be the best version:

"On Agypt's banks contagious to the Nolle King Pharaoh's daughter wint to bathe in stoyle. She tuk her bath, thin walked upon the land, And to dry her Royal Pelt she ran along the strand. Tripped by a bulrush, lookin' down she saw A smiling 'babby' on a wad of straw. Thin to her Royal Maids she cried in accents woid, 'Tare an' Ages, Gurls—which of yes owns the choild?'"

One version has these additional lines:

"'Tis none of yours, you're mighty quick to say, And true it is—I've known you many a day. Well, since we've found him in this bed of roses, By all manes let us christen him 'Howly Moses.'"

—New York Sun.

THE AMBITIOUS CLIMBER.

THE GUIDE: Well, here we are on the peak at last.

THE TOURIST: Oh, guide, do you mean to say we can get no higher? Don't say that I can ascend no further!

THE GUIDE: Well, you can climb up this alpenstock if you want to. It's seven feet long.—Chicago Tribune.



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THE PHRASING LEVER, a small ivory tablet, simply frees the performer. You can play any music you like with all the grace and expression known, if you have an ANGELUS. If you wish to play any composition in the conventional manner, you will find this very simple, as the rolls are plainly marked, but when you wish to improvise, so to speak, or vary the playing to suit every whim or fancy, you must have the ANGELUS PHRASING LEVER.

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· LIFE ·

AN ODYSSEY OF "K'S."

I've traveled up and down the land
And crossed it in a hundred ways,
But somehow cannot understand
These towns with names chock full of K's.
For instance, once it fell to me
To pack my grip and quickly go—
I thought at first to Kankakee,
But then remembered Kokomo.

"O, Kankakee or Kokomo,"
I sighed, "Just which I do not know!"

Then to the ticket man I went—
He was a snappy man, and bald,
Behind an iron railing pent—
And I confessed that I was stalled.
"A much-K'd town is booked for me,"
I said. "I'm due to-morrow, so
I wonder if it's Kankakee
Or if it can be Kokomo."

"There's quite a difference," growled he,
"Twixt Kokomo and Kankakee."

He spun a yard of tickets out—
The folded kind that makes a strip
And leaves the passenger in doubt
When the conductor takes a clip.
He flipped the tickets out, I say,
And asked: "Now, which one will it be?
I'll sell you tickets either way—
To Kokomo or Kankakee."

And still I really did not know—
I thought it might be Kokomo.

At any rate, I took a chance,
He struck his stamp machine a blow,
And I, a toy of circumstance,
Was ticketed to Kokomo.
Upon the train, I wondered still
If all was right as it should be;

Some mystic warning seemed to fill
My mind with thoughts of Kankakee.

The carwheels clicked it out: "Now, he
Had better be for Kankakee!"

Until at last it grew so loud,
At some big town I clambered out
And elbowed madly through the crowd,
Determined on another route.
The ticket agent saw my haste;
"Where do you wish to go?" cried he.
I yelled: "I have no time to waste—
Please fix me up for Kankakee!"

Again the wheels, now fast, now slow,
Clicked: "Ought to go to Kokomo!"

Well, anyhow, I did not heed
The message that they sent to me.
I went, and landed wrong, indeed—
Went all the way to Kankakee.
Then, in a rush, I doubled back—
Went wrong again, I'd have you know.
There was no call for me, alack!
Within the town of Kokomo.

And then I learned—confound the luck!
I should have gone to Keokuk!
—Chicago Tribune.

AT THE SCHOOL OF DIPLOMACY.

"Where is Panama?"
"Somewheres east of Suez—at least, there aint
no Ten Commandments there."
"What are its principal productions?"
"Revolutions and canals."
"How is transit on the Isthmus kept open?"
"By refusing to let the natives go across."
"What rights, then, have the natives?"
"The right of revolution for the benefit of the
foreigner."—New York Evening Post.

THERE once was a Jew in N. Y.,
Who stoutly refused to Ch. P.
"I'd like to," he said,
Sadly shaking his head,
"But you know how the neighbors D. T."
—Arthur H. Jenkins.

"I WAS married to that man once," said the
first Chicago woman.

"To Mr. Marryat? The idea! Why, so was I,"
replied the other.

"You don't say? Were you before or after
me?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I THOUGHT she was going to marry an Eng-
lish duke."

"No. Her father found a Russian prince that
he could get for half the price."—Chicago Record-
Herald.

THAT was no idle jest of Shakespeare's which
referred to the absence of a Regina Music Box in
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by Mr. Carnegie he remarked that he admired the
courage of a man who, without knowing how to
write, wrote on a subject of which he knew nothing.
—Schoolmaster.

"I WON'T be good," said Willy.
"Then Santa Claus won't bring you any pres-
ents."

"Wasn't I bad last year, and didn't I get more'n
ever?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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James Willis Payne
Seattle Times.

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• LIFE •

TROUBLE.

The world is full of trouble,
The air is full of fuss—
The wranglin' hubblebubble
Is something marvellous.
Away in dear old London
The Cabinet's upset,
And all that isn't undone
Is to be tangled yet.

Bulgarians are scrapping.
Because they may not shoot;
The Turk will not go napping,
For fear they revolt.
Tsi Ann is in a tremble
Because of dread reform,
She says those who dissemble
Will find life pretty warm.

Manchuria is gobbled—
Or wonders if she is—
The arch of peace has wobbled
And things begin to whiz,
The truculent Mikado
Is scowling at the Czar,
And hints at a tornado
Of wreck and wrath and war.

And Castro and the Kaiser
Are interchanging bluffs—
Each is his own adviser
And gets in endless huffs.
The Shipping Trust—a scandal
Or something of the kind—
Has grown too hot to handle
Or settle in one's mind.

The women's clubs are scolding;
The town is full of "graft";
Each day sees the unfolding
Of tricks where some one's gaffed;

The good and bad detectives
Are giving things away
And charges and invectives
Increase from day to day.

The world is full of trouble;
North, south and east and west.
Each day the troubles double,
And none gets any rest.
There must be a bacillus
That started this somehow—
A germ or germs that fill us
With wrangle, rage and row.
—W. D. Nesbit, in *Chicago Tribune*.

"It certainly isn't," mused the man who occasionally lets out an audible thought.
"What 'tis that isn't?" queried the chronic butter-in.

"It isn't fair," explained the noisy thinker, "to judge the character of a new-born babe by the quality of the cigars its proud father hands out."—*Chicago Daily News*.

No home is quite so empty and uninviting as that where no music is heard. If you have never listened to the "Mira" and "Stella" music boxes, you have a unique experience coming. In their wondrous sweetness of tone these ideal boxes stand alone. You owe it to yourself to inspect these masterpieces before purchasing elsewhere. Write for catalogue to Jacot Music Box Co., Union Square, N. Y.

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"Dr. Cuttem," announced Mrs. Giltedge, "has discovered an operation which is twice as difficult and three times as expensive as the once popular one for appendicitis."

"How sweet of him!" comments Miss Rippenstille. "And what is the operation for?"

"That is the charming feature. He refuses to

tell until after the Four Hundred has tired of it, thus insuring that the vulgar commoners shall not be permitted again to enjoy the privileges of the select."—*Chicago Tribune*.

WAR.

Private Smith of the Royals; the veldt and a slate-black sky,
Hillocks of mud, brick-red with blood, and a prayer—half curse—to die.
A lung and a Mauser bullet; pink froth and a half-choked cry.

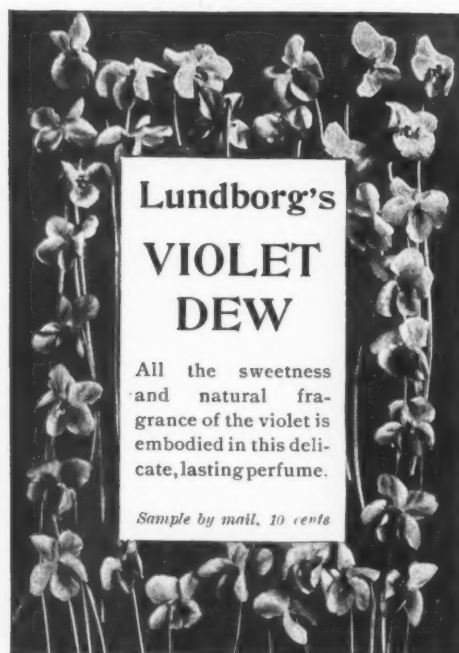
Private Smith of the Royals; a torrent of freezing rain;
A hall of frost on a life half lost; despair and a grinding pain.
And the drip-drip-drip of the Heavens to wash out the brand of Cain.

Private Smith of the Royals, self-sounding his funeral knell;
A burning throat that each gasping note scrapes raw like a broken shell.
A thirst like a red-hot iron and a tongue like a patch of Hell.

Private Smith of the Royals; the blush of a dawning day;
The fading mist that the sun has kissed—and over the hills away
The blest Red Cross like an angel in the trail of the men who slay.

But Private Smith of the Royals gazed up at the soft blue sky—
The rose tinged morn like a babe new born and the sweet-songed birds on high—
With a fleck of red on his pallid lip and a film of white on his eye.

—Herbert Cadett, in *London Daily Chronicle*.

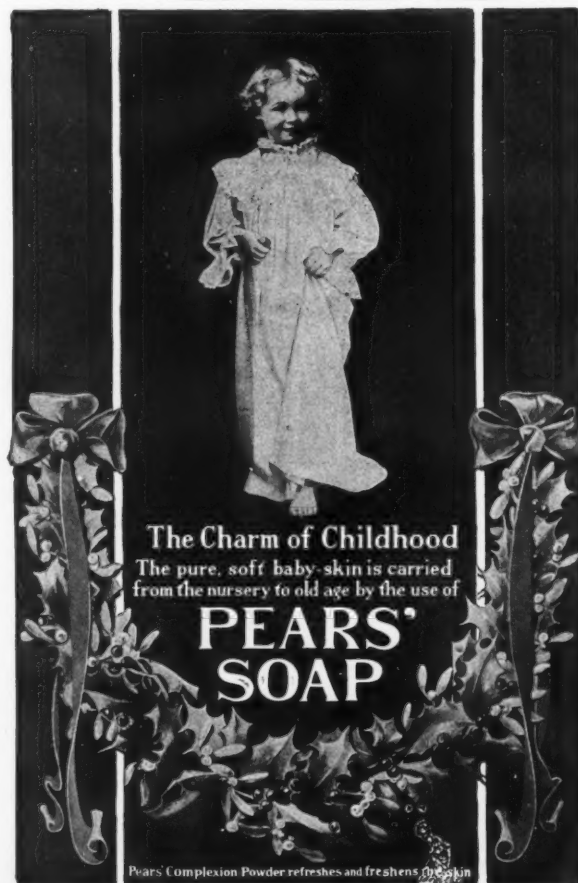


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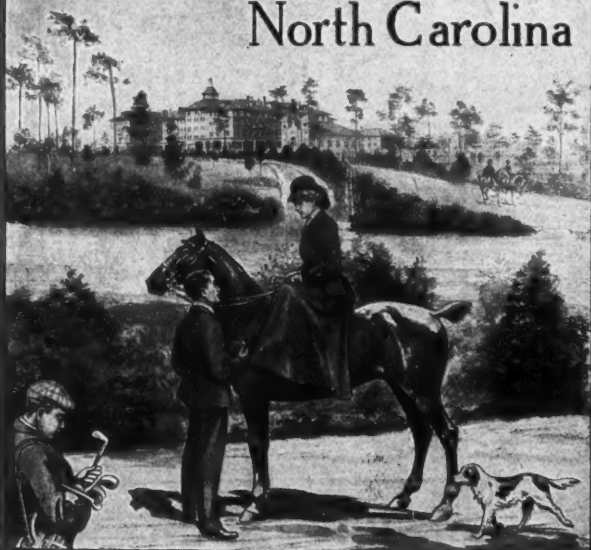
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The Healthiest and Most PERFECT RESORT in the South
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25,000-Acre Shooting Preserve. Fine livery, equipped with saddle horses, horseback riding being one of the attractive features of Pinehurst. Consumptives are absolutely excluded.

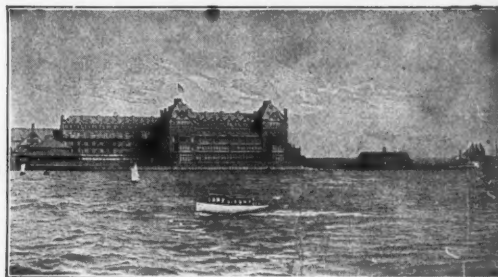
Through Pullman service. One night out from New York, Boston and Cincinnati via Seaboard Air Line or Southern Railway.

Send for pamphlet, "Pinehurst" or "The Game at Pinehurst," or both.
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OLD POINT COMFORT

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT RESORT ON THE ATLANTIC COAST
Golf Shooting Tennis Sailing

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Hampton Roads
the Rendezvous
of the
Atlantic Squadron

Fortress Monroe
the Largest
Fortification
in the
United States



"Both arms of the Service at
Old Point Comfort, Virginia."

New.

CUSTOMER: Waiter, how long have you had this fish?

"I don't know, sir. I only came day before yesterday."

The Last Straw.

IT was Saturday night, and owing to the temporary absence of his wife, it fell to Mr. Brown to attend to the usual process of giving his eight-year-old son a bath and putting him to bed. He had left his evening paper with a man's reluctance, and had hurried matters along with more speed than the little chap was accustomed to. However, he endured it all without a protest until it came to the prayer. It was his habit after "Now I lay me" to ask the divine blessing upon a long list of relatives and friends, calling each by name.

"Please, God," he began, "bless papa and mamma, grandpa and grandma and Aunt Edith and Uncle George, and"—A pause. His father, thinking to curtail the list of beneficiaries, softly insinuated an "amen." Not heeding the interruption, the little suppliant drew a long breath, and continued, "And Aunt Alice and Cousin Annie, and—and"—Again his father said "amen."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and, lifting his little head, he exclaimed, with tears of indignation: "Papa, who's running this prayer, you or me!"

—Harper's Magazine.



OUR MODERN PRIMER.

HELLO, what is this? Why, it is a farce-comedy. The stage is crowded with girls. Are they pretty? No, they are not pretty, but they have plenty of paint on, which makes them seem so. Where are their clothes? We do not know. Perhaps they came out in a hurry. Well, well! One of them is going to sing a song! Is it a new song? Yes, the lines seem new, and yet we feel that we have heard it before. It is a song about the same old things. Ah, here comes the funny man. How strange he acts! Has he lost his wits? Oh, no, he has not lost his wits. He is merely getting off gags. See the people laugh. They have heard most of the gags before, but they still keep laughing. Why is this? Perhaps it is because they have paid two dollars each for a seat, and feel that they must laugh. And now the curtain begins to fall. The first act is over. Shall we go? Yes, we would better go. We have seen what a farce-comedy is like, and we know it is just the same as it was last year, only with another name. Besides, we need the rest.

IN his "Reminiscences of the Civil War."

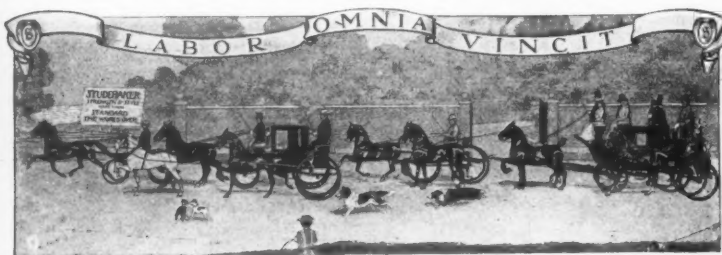
General John B. Gordon relates this anecdote: At the close of the Civil War, an old farmer near Appomattox decided to give employment to any of Lee's veterans who might wish to work a few days for food and small wages. He divided the Confederate employees into squads according to the respective ranks held by them in the army. He was uneducated, but entirely loyal to the Southern cause. A neighbor inquired of him as to the different squads: "Who are those men working there?" "Them is privates, sir, of Lee's army." "Well, how do they work?" "Very fine, sir; first-rate workers." "Who are those in the second group?" "Them is lieutenants and captains, and they work fairly well, but not as good workers as the privates." "I see you have a third squad; who are they?" "Them is colonels." "Well, what about the colonels? How do they work?" "Now, neighbor, you'll never hear me say one word ag'in any man who fit in the Southern army; but I ain't a-gwine to hire no generals."

Explained.

JACK: That's a mighty good-looking gown, Helen!

HELEN: This old thing! It's so shiny I can see my face in it.

"That's probably why it's so good-looking."



STUDEBAKER

ON every fashionable boulevard, every famous avenue and drive, the number of vehicles bearing the Studebaker name-plate is evidence of their superiority. Each is the product of a half century of continuous improvement. Since 1852, father and son, through three generations of workmen, have striven to shape perfect wood and steel into vehicles, combining elegance of design with durability. Every owner is conscious of a certain distinction given to his vehicle by artist-craftsmen, who mould the severe lines of utility into those of beauty and elegance. To-day Studebaker style is standard.

The poster reproduced above shows a number of 1903 prize-winning horses attached to Studebaker vehicles and driven by their owners. The original painting by George Ford Morris has been beautifully reproduced in colors and will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver to cover postage.

STUDEBAKER BROS. MFG. CO.

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MAY BE SEEN AT THE FOLLOWING REPOSITORIES:

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BETTER THAN TOYS. The EDISON
PHONOGRAPH



The PHONOGRAPH is the best present, because of its inexhaustible variety and its educational value. Thousands of selections are catalogued and at least 25 are added each month. The wonderful superiority in musical performance and technical excellence of Edison Gold Moulded Records has forced other makers to officially admit that they cannot compete. Go to the nearest dealer's and hear Mr. Edison's latest improvements. DEALERS EVERYWHERE SELL PHONOGRAPHS.

The Phonograph Art Calendar, 6 beautiful cards, lithographed in 12 colors, size 10½ by 14½ inches, no advertising in sight, sent on receipt of 25 cents at New York office.

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NEW YORK, 83 Chambers St. CHICAGO, 304 Wabash Ave. SAN FRANCISCO, 933 Market St.
EUROPE: ANTWERP, BELGIUM, 32 Rempart St. Georges.

Bringing in
The Yule Log



The Oldsmobile

No roads too rough or uneven for the Oldsmobile. Its strong construction and simple mechanism are built to undergo the most severe usage. Its easy, cushioned frame affords perfect comfort to its occupants at all times.

Embodying the latest improvements that our long experience has suggested, the Oldsmobile is to-day, in all seasons and on all roads, "the best thing on wheels."

For stormy weather, the Oldsmobile can be fitted with a waterproof top and apron that provides perfect protection for the occupants and the operating levers.

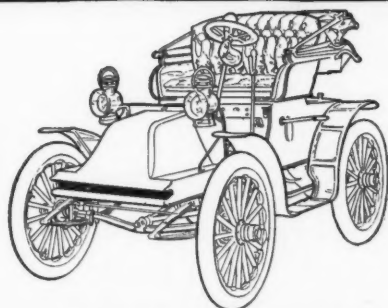
Selling agencies in all the large cities, or write for full information to Dept. J.
OLDS MOTOR WORKS, DETROIT, U. S. A.
Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire



Good rubber and a rightly constructed tire is the secret of the success of the Kelly-Springfield Tire. The name doesn't make the success, but the name gives you a handle by which you can always ask for the best tire made.

Our booklet, "The Kelly-Springfield Idea," will tell you why. Consolidated Rubber Tire Company, 46 Wall St., N. Y., Akron, O.



RUNABOUT, \$1250, Complete

Every automobile manufacturer advertises a "star performance" made usually under conditions governed by his own operator. This confuses intending purchasers.

The HAYNES-APPERSON CARS have been started under conditions officially imposed by others, not once or twice, but 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 separate times, winning first honors EVERY time with stock cars. That means reliability of the kind no one else has PROVED.

Two First-Class Certificates awarded in the New York to Pittsburg Run since above was written.

Our catalogue gives full information. Inquirers are urged to visit our factory, where every detail of HAYNES-APPERSON superiority can be seen and fully understood.

HAYNES-APPERSON CO., Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.

The Oldest Makers of Motor Cars in America.

Members of the Assoc'n of Licensed Auto. Manuf'rs. Branch Store: 1409 Michigan Ave., Chicago. Eastern Representatives: BROOKLYN AUTOMOBILE CO., 1239-41-43 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and 66 West 43d Street, New York; NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE & MFG. CO., Pacific Coast Agents, San Francisco.



FASHION is autocratic in the matter of town carriages for private service. This is why it means so much that social leaders have approved of the Columbia Extension Front and Straight Front Electric Broughams, which you may see standing before the doors of many exclusive houses in our large cities. These vehicles follow the latest and most approved designs and have many exclusive COLUMBIA features, securing reliability in operation and economy in maintenance. Our Brougham Booklet will be sent upon request; also catalogue of twenty styles of Columbia Electric and Gasoline vehicles.

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Sole U.S. Agents of Licensed Automobile Mfg. Co.
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Chicago: 1210 Michigan Avenue
Boston: 75, 76, 77 Broadway Street
Cleveland: 1210 Michigan Avenue



"WHAT AILS YER FRIEND?"

"OH, BILL'S NERVE IS SHAKEN. HE AIN'T USED TO THE WAY THESE FELLERS RIDE."

van Houten's
Cocoa

Pure and Unmixed.

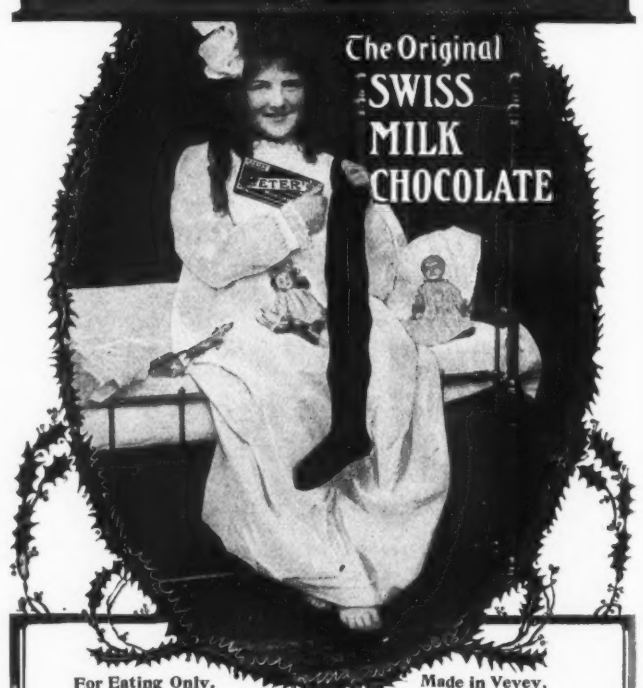
Delicate Aroma.

Really Cheapest in Use.

Best & Goes Farthest

PETER'S

The Original
SWISS
MILK
CHOCOLATE



For Eating Only.

Made in Vevey,
Switzerland.

PETER'S is a rich, smooth eating chocolate, blended with finest fresh Swiss milk, containing all its cream. A pure, wholesome confection and a nourishing food. The Sweet that is good for children. Easy to digest. Does not create thirst. Insist upon PETER'S—THE ORIGINAL—others are inferior. In 2 S. A. P. L. Z and booklet, "Ascension of Mont Blanc." Lamont, Corliss & Co., 78 Hudson St., New York.



"Name on Every Piece"

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS

Dainty—Delicious—Healthful

The ABSOLUTE PURITY and DELIGHTFUL QUALITY of the world-famous Lowney products has resulted in the

Largest Sales of Any Confections Made.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., Boston, Mass.

IT'S ALL PURE COCOA!

WALTER BAKER'S!



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and
America

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.

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TO GIVE OTHER PRINTERS

TRUTH, FACTS, GOOD THINGS
WILL BEAR REPETITION, TO
THE END THAT THEY MAY BE
BELIEVED : : : : :

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IS ALL RIGHT

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OUR CUSTOMERS : : : : :

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THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN AND WORN
Every Pair Warranted

The Name is
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loop—

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Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

CEO. FROST CO., Makers,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Send
50c. for Silk,
25c. for Cotton,
Sample Pair.



Ye Ballad of William Broker.

BILL BROKER was a godlie man,
As all mankynd recalle;
He laboured in ye lyttel streete
Whych bears ye name of Walle.

He was a shearer of ye sheepe,
And, eke, ye softe-eyed lamb;
He clipped them close, and kept ye wool
Of sheeplet and yts dam.

"For," as ye jentel Bill remarked,
"Ye Lorde doth temper wynd
To mutton whych hath loste yts coate,
Soe yt will never mynd."

A Preacher-Man once sayd to Bill,
"My friend, you shoulde not lay
Uppe for yourself this earthly pelf
Whych moths wille frette away."

Butte Bill replyde in aksents myld:
"I'd scorn to work for wealth.
This is earth's greatest wat'ring-place;
I'm just here for my health."

W. E. P. French.

The Swift Yankees.

WRITERS on sociological topics who make concessions to popularity and diversify their profound theories and dry formulas with attractive comparisons have some difficulty in finding satisfactory similes for the versatile Americans. As organizers they rival the Romans, and are as fond of politics as the argumentative Greeks, who

were said to regard life simply as an opportunity to talk. As traders, they promise to surpass the Phenicians, while in invention they outdo all nations, both ancient and modern. But there is one tendency of our development that suggests comparison with the rough-riding Gauchos of the Pampas or the ancient Parthians. The Gauchos live so much on horseback that they consider the print of a human foot a mark of barbarism, and the Parthians performed most of the duties of life, and even ate their meals, in the saddle. Though we do not ride horses as they do and did, we are becoming like them, inasmuch as we live in a constant state of rapid transit. A continually increasing number of Americans spend most of their time in traveling either for business or pleasure, and the art of travel has been brought to such a state of perfection that we can not only eat, but perform the toilet of a Beau Brummel, and attend a theatrical performance while speeding over land or sea at a rate of speed hitherto undreamed of. Instead of the horse we have the steamboat, express train, trolley, automobile and bicycle, and if our ambitious inventors succeed in their attempts at flying, a day may come when we will surpass the Gauchos so much that we will consider the long black trail of a railroad an evidence of barbarism. And this reversion to type, or tendency to go back to the habits of our nomadic prehis-

toric ancestors, is working a great change in our social life. Time was when parting was a sweet sorrow; but now a friend whom you meet on the street waves his hand at you and says, "So long," or "See you later," and is whisked across the continent and back before you have had time to realize that he has been away. Once traveling was a serious matter, and a man going on a journey from New York to Albany or Boston would gather his family about him, remind them that "The word is, 'Pitch and pay'; trust none. And holdfast is the only dog." Later he would wave them a farewell from the skyline, and then push on through the intermediate villages, like the solitary horseman who usually figured in the novels of G. P. R. James and his contemporaries of some lustrums since. But now our prominent citizens think nothing of traveling hundreds of miles to grace the list of those present at a banquet. These things lead one to suspect that we are rapidly becoming nomads of the limited express and automobile. Let our sociologists look to it.

She Was Particular.

"**W**HAT sort of money will you have, Mrs. Munn?" said the cashier, when that lady presented a large check for payment.

"Sterilized," replied Mrs. Munn.

"MIRA" AND "STELLA" Music Boxes

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FOR TONE
AND
DURABILITY

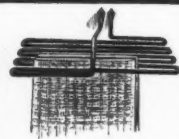


A Superb Christmas Present

For tone-quality, durability and brilliancy of execution, the "MIRA" Music Box has no equal. Prices range from \$7.50 to \$150.

Write for Catalogue "B" and list of terms.

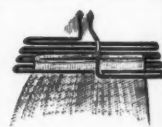
JACOT MUSIC BOX CO., 39 Union Square, NEW YORK



PAT. MARCH, '03

KRESEM

TRADE-MARK



I MAY BE DIRTY AND COVERED WITH FLEAS,
BUT MY PANTS, THANK THE LORD! DON'T BAG AT THE KNEES.

A Perfect Trousers and Skirt Hanger

Holds Six Garments

Saves Tailor's Bills—Pays for Itself
No Clamps, Bolts or Adjustment
Occupies but Little Closet Space

By Mail \$1.00

THE KRESEM CO., Greenwich, Conn.



DESCENT OF MAN.

"WITH ALL THE SPARKLE and CRISPNESS of a CHRISTMAS MORNING"

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER**

"THE BEST OF ALL 'TOILET' PERFUMES"

IS AT ALL TIMES A MOST ACCEPTABLE and SEASONABLE OFFERING.

Be sure you get the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

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**GOLD LACK
CHAMPAGNE**

THE WINE OF CONNOISSEURS.

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their Wines bottled at their own cellars,
their specialty being to select the finest
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"To
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Supremacy!"

Drink to the American woman and her supremacy!

Toast her in that other product of American supremacy,

COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY

the champagne we are proud of.

Try this Christmas Punch

For every quart use four pieces cut-loaf sugar; one large cube of ice; sliced oranges and pineapples; a few cherries; one pony Cognac, one pony Curacao, one pony Apricotine. Add one split carbonated water and one quart Cook's Imperial, just before serving.

MENU

CLAMS ON HALF SHELL

CREAM OF BROTH SOUP

TIMBALE OF HALIBUT LOBSTER SAUCE

PAN-FRIED CHICKEN

PEAS

JELLY

CHERRY SALAD

COFFEE

White Rock water adds a smack to the whole menu

A DIGESTION HINT
Our "Booklet R" quotes a number of the world's eminent physicians on

its effervescent water as a digestive tonic. Sent gratis. White Rock Mineral Springs Co., Waukesha, Wis.

HERE are a few of the answers given by the students of a Missionary College, at a recent examination:

What was the chief event of Solomon's reign?

He died.

Name some of the early Christian fathers.

Jerome; Oxygen; Ambrosia.

What are the enduring remains of Egypt?

Pyramids and obsequies.

In what Christian tenet did the Egyptians believe?

The immorality of the soul.

What was the religion of the Britons?

A strange and terrible one—that of the Dudes.

What caused the death of Cleopatra?

She bit a w-as-p—(Short a).

Where is the earth's climate the hottest?

Next the Creator.

What can you tell of Ben Jonson?

He survived Shakespeare in some respects.

What is the form of water drops?

Generally spherical, for reasons known only to the gracious Providence who makes them.

What is the spinal column?

Bones running all over the body; it is very dangerous.

Name a domestic animal useful for clothing, and describe its habits.

The ox—it don't have habits—it lives in a stable.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of dirt and people.

What is the function of the gastric juice?

To digest the stomach.

Define interloper.

One who runs away to get married.

Define flinch and give a sentence.

Flinch is to shrink. Flannels flinch when washed.

Name six animals of the arctic zone.

Six polar bears and six seals.

Define vengeance, and give a sentence using the word.

Vengeance is a mean, spiteful desire to pay back. "Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord."

Define hireling.

One who is bribed. Teachers are hirelings of the government.

What is the chief industry of Austria?

Gathering ostrich feathers.

The Source of Supply.

CLARA: I hope you don't call yourself an invalid with that appetite!

CLARENCE: Why, Clara, it is this appetite that keeps me an invalid.



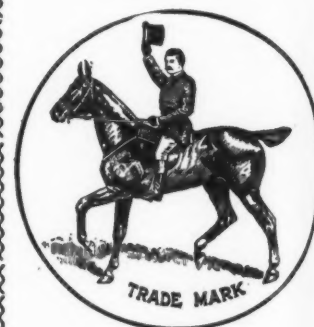
**Christmas
Cheer**

Cheer and comfort warm the hearthstone, health and happiness beam like sunshine at this festal season—the merriest of the year.

**Hunter
Baltimore
Rye**

Pure, Ripe, Mellow, plays its part with host and guest in dispensing gracious hospitality.

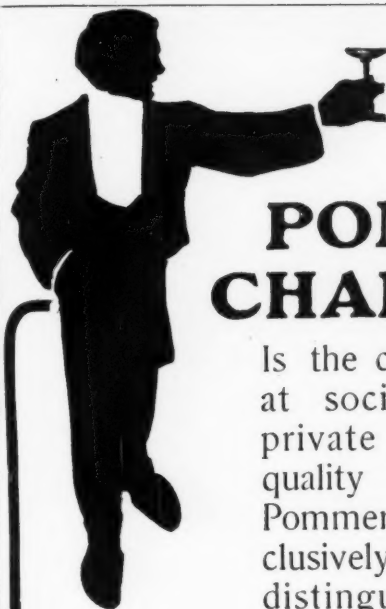
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.





TROUBLES OF A PHOTOGRAPHER.

"DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS MY HANDSOMEST SIDE?"



POMMERY CHAMPAGNE

Is the choice everywhere at social functions or private dinners where quality is most desired. Pommery has been exclusively served at more distinguished banquets than any other brand of champagne in the world.

An attractive pad of score cards for Bridge Whist together with accepted Rules sent upon request.

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PROPER
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Blended
and Mellowed
with age



Cocktails

A DELICIOUS

CHRISTMAS GREETING

is offered with a CLUB COCKTAIL. With CLUB COCKTAILS at hand one is prepared to start the Christmas dinner with a proper spirit. A case to your old friend will be much appreciated. Send them in time, so that he will be sure to have them for his Christmas dinner.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors, New York, Hartford, London.

CLUB COCKTAILS are standard; they are not an experiment. They have been on the market for years and every large grocer or general wine merchant knows them and has them for sale. Seven kinds:

Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

They are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them the perfect Cocktails that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The original of anything is good enough. When others are offered, it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no others.

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PEERLESS BRAND
PLUM PUDDING

Libby's Plum Pudding

makes any Christmas Dinner complete for it is made after an old English recipe that gives it a delicate flavor, a delightful aroma, often imitated, but never equaled. Always ready to serve and delicious to eat. Ask your grocer for it, and for

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

Wafer Sliced Dried Beef, Corned Beef Hash, Extract of Beef, Vienna Sausage, Boneless Chicken, Potted Ham, Concentrated Soups, Etc.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free.
Send five two cent stamps for Libby's big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago





DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S
GOLD LACK
CHAMPAGNE
 THE WINE OF CONNOISSEURS.
FROM SUNNY FRANCE
C. H. ARNOLD & CO., AGTS., NEW YORK.

GORDON'S DRY GIN

Procurable
Everywhere

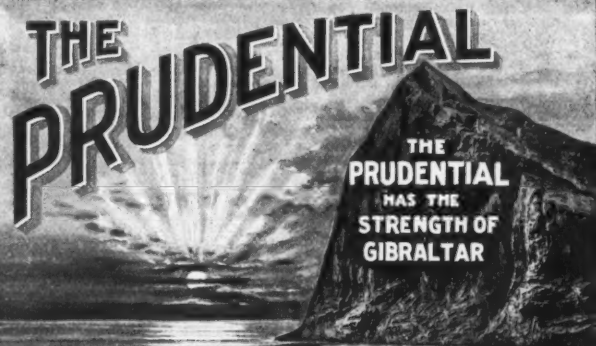


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For \$100 a Year Any Insurable
 Young Man Can Guarantee an Estate
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Built for speed, strength, style and comfort. The sturdy **Northern** ideally combines these qualities essential to a high-grade gasoline runabout. Not an experiment but a proven leader in its class.

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